

SEMI-MONTHLY
10

NEW ILLUSTRATED TALES OF TERROR

CREEPY

AUG.

NO.
10

FDC

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢



THIS ISSUE: "THE MONSTER" RAGES!



WHICH WITCH IS WHICH? FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF, DEVOTED DEMONS, AS WE TAKE A CRAFTY LOOK AT WITCHCRAFT IN...

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!

THE ROOTS OF WITCHCRAFT REACH INTO PREHISTORY WHEN FRENZIED TRIBAL RITES WERE CONDUCTED PRIOR TO THE HUNTING SEASON, AND SORCERESSES EVOKED THE POWERS OF THE FULL MOON TO AID THE HUNTERS.



FRANCE WAS SCANDALIZED, WHEN FRANCOISE DE MONTESPAN PROVED TO HAVE GAINED HER POWER AND FAVOR IN THE COURT OF LOUIS FOURTEENTH BY CONSORTING WITH NOTORIOUS WITCH, CATHERINE LA VOISIN AND PARTICIPATING IN BLACK RITES WHICH INCLUDED HUMAN SACRIFICE!

WITCHES WERE SAID TO USE ANIMALS TO CARRY OUT THEIR SPELLS AND CONJOURINGS, PARTICULARLY CATS. IN THE SALEM TRIALS OF 1692, SUSANNA MARTIN WAS ACCUSED OF **TRANSFORMING** HERSELF INTO A BLACK CAT TO ATTACK A WITNESS AGAINST HER!



AS LATE AS 1957, INDIANS ON ADMIRALTY ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA, WERE LED BY A YOUNG WITCH'S MEDIUM INTO CONDUCTING MAGIC RITES WHICH INCLUDED A SACRIFICIAL CEREMONY INVOLVING THE BURNING OF DOGS AND CATS!

CREEPY

NO. 10

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DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



I just love your stories, but there is one thing I'd like to know... Is Creepy's Loathsome Lore true or not? Even if it isn't, it's very good. Another thing, you have a lot of stories with ghosts and vampires, but I like the werewolf stories best and so do a lot of other people that read CREEPY. And I especially like stories with the catlike or unhappy endings. Please keep them coming. My favorite tale in CREEPY #9 was "Dark Kingdom" I would have liked "Castle on the Moor" best because it had a werewolf in it, but there wasn't enough of him. Please answer my first question, is Loathsome Lore true or not. I'm just CRAVING to find out!

Kim Otko
Washington, D.C.

The fearful facts in Loathsome Lore are based on many true accounts as well as local legends and superstitions, Kim.—UC

I'd like to say that "Dark Kingdom" was perhaps the finest story that you, or any other horror-type magazine, have published to date. I actually was thrilled when Argos completed his escape from Hades—and in an adult, that is something! Your story was truly horrible, in the way it was meant to be horrible, and it was truly inspiring. Also, the other stories were readable, even interesting. They were over their cost, but did not have any emotional effect on me. Few stories horrify me, why should they? They're only make-believe. Which should illustrate the tremendous quality of "Dark Kingdom" as a work of art.

Michael N. Twinsten
Brooklyn, New York

Mark of art? Not so loud, Miss... Morrow and Green will both wear raised.—UC.

CREEPY #9 was fantastic. Frank Frazetta's cover was his best work.... He's still no Gray Morrow though I thoroughly enjoyed the Loathsome Lore since I love abominable snowmen, third party to WWI planes and blood. "Dark Kingdom" was good, but I didn't like the ending much. "Castle on the Moor" was blood-taking. I never suspected how it would end. Your ending was so educational as I was never sure what a ghoul did or ate before that.

"Adam Link's Vengeance" was good, but on page 24, second panel, Dr. Hilroy wasn't wearing the control helmet. Why didn't Eve kill him?

"Overworked" made my blood crawl. The art was good and the story screaming-facial. The second part of "The Coffin of Dracula" was good, but why did that nice vampire have to be killed? He seemed like a lot of fun. "Out of Time" was good. I liked the story, but Alex Toti's art was too light and cheery. "The Spirit of the Thing" was like sunshine on my face... I only regret I don't care for Steve Ditko's art when he does it for Marvel Comics, but when he works for CREEPY, fantastic!

Richard Gettens
Lynnwood, Washington

The reason Eve Link did not do anything to Dr. Hilroy, even though he'd removed his tele-electronic helmet was that her helmet was still on and prior to removing his, he had demanded her to remain inactive until such time as she would receive a new order and.... etc.... Would you believe sex reflex?—UC.

...Just received the new CREEPY a couple of days ago and I must tell you that I think Frazetta has really outdone himself. It was a real disappointment not to have a Frazetta cover on it, but this more than made up for it. Although not the usual type of cover that has been the CREEPY trademark, it is never the less one of the best that Frank has done for you, and I for one like the deviation from the usual werewolf, vampire, or ghoul covers. The lead story from which it was derived was one of the better efforts to come from the pen of Archie Goodwin. I say, let's have more of this type and not get in a rut with the usual monsters. You could go to Africa, the "dark continent" for tales of tribal voodoo, etc., tales of weird lost races, and surviving prehistoric beasts! Read Chandler is another one who never lets me down as to quality of word and

Archie's "The Coffin of Dracula" is the best vampire story you've run yet! Why don't you get Roy Krenkel for interior stories instead of just the "Loathsome Lore"? And I heartily veto the idea of getting anyone else other than Frank Frazetta to do your covers! Steve Otto's effort was such an improvement over his last story that I almost didn't recognize it.... Let's have more from him!

Bob Bennett
Wichita, Kansas

We'd love to chain Roy Krenkel in the dungeon long enough for him to do an entire ten-page tale, but the wiley racist always breaks loose after a page or two! Perhaps some time spent on the rack would weaken his will!—UC.

CREEPY #9 was... well, it was it... WOW! It has at last given me what I really wanted in the mag. That is FANTASY, which you so boldly displayed on your cover.

And that cover.... Without a doubt the best cover I have seen on any magazine, and never have I seen a better cover in any form of publication except on famous Funnies #213 and 214, which of course are also Frazetta. Not for the first time were both the outside and inside comparable if not equal. I knew sooner or later you'd start with the weird fantasy. I mean, what I see in CREEPY #9 is not just great horror stories with really great art, but also fantasy which I enjoy as much as horror. I was hoping that instead of Eerie (no offense to your cousin) you'd bring out a mag slanted to weird fantasy, swords and sorcery, and science-fiction. Boy, would I like to see in strip form "The Outsider" by H.P. Lovecraft, and drawn by Frazetta, or Krenkel and Williamson. Speaking of Krenkel, more art from him please. Since I'm full of suggestions, I might as well make some more.... How about adapting some weird stories from the master horror writer Clark Ashton Smith? Knock it off with the title logo on the side, you only mar an otherwise beautiful cover. And more fantasy, huh!

"Dark Kingdom" almost sounded like I was reading a COMAN story by R.E. Howard (Now, there's an idea). "Castle on the Moor" by Jay Jayce was great, and that was some ending. The Adam Link story was fair, but I think the Adam of old wouldn't have acted as he did, "Overworked" by Wood and Adams was... it was different. More, Mr. Goodwin. The Chandler story needs no description, it was sheer delight. I know Alex Toti's art is good, but, darn it, it looks like a cartoon than an illustration because he uses so few lines.

Aside from all that, it was a good story, though the plot has been used more than once. "The Spirit of the Thing" by Otto was exceptional in art as well as plot. For once, it wasn't so simple and I was terrified to the last panel.

Keep the Frazetta covers coming, and maybe with some of your best ideas, CREEPY will be unbeatable in art and stories, if it isn't already at the top in cloning, let me say that you've made a devotee of word stories and art, namely me, very happy.

Helmut Mueller
Chicago, Illinois

Anyone get the impression Helmut wants us to do some more fantasy? As for TERRIFYING TOTEM, we've always felt one of the great things about his style was the ability to capture both the action and mood with their most essential brush.—UC.

The cover of issue #9 was really good, but I like last issue's cover better. "Dark Kingdom" was good and the artwork was tough. All hail Gray Morrow! There's just one thing I don't understand. The story never does tell why the other guys on the ship were so statue-like and never talked. "The Castle on the Moor" was also a great story. The art was doubtless! Has Jay Jayce ever done a cover? Adam Link was pretty good too. "Overworked" was good in art and story. I liked the picture Berni Warrington drew on page 33. "The Coffin of Dracula" was super-tough enough. Reed Crandall is one of your best artists. I think it was the toughest story I ever read in CREEPY. "The Spirit of the Thing" was a terrific story, too, but why didn't Rogers guy enter the Professor's body right away instead of waiting until the body was buried and moldered and about to fall apart? Anyway, keep up the good work!

Bryan Hendrix
Columbus, Georgia

Sounds like you're being pretty "tough" on us, Bryan, but we'll try to answer your questions anyway. Argos' ship-mates were all dead, so they didn't have much to talk about, and it didn't occur to Rogers to use Jerome's body, until the spirit moved him. Now let your sports move you on into my MONSTROUS MAG!—UC.

Want to write us? Address your poems, fan letters to CREEPY LETTERS Dept. 10.

420 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10017



TIME FOR A REAL TINGLER, TERRORS... EVERY SMALL TOWN ALWAYS HAS ONE REAL CHARACTER, RIGHT? FOSTERDALE IS NO EXCEPTION! COME WITH ME AND MEET THE LOCAL WEIRD-O... OF COURSE, YOU'D BE WEIRD TOO IF YOU HAD HIS PROBLEM, AS YOU'LL SEE IN THIS **MIND-WARPING MARVEL** CALLED...

BRAIN TRUST!

FROM THE PITCH BLACK INTERIOR OF THE OLD HOUSE, AN OOD OF FETID DECAY STUNG THE NOSTRILS OF THE YOUNG MAN IN THE DOORWAY... HE WINCED BUT DID NOT RUN AWAY AS EVERY INSTINCT IN HIM SCREAMED TO DO!

THE VOICE WAS A HOARSE, GRATING RASP... SEEMING ALMOST DISEMBODED AS IT CAME OUT OF THE IMPENETRABLE DARKNESS!



CHESTER...IT'S DR. ELLIOT! I UNDERSTAND YOUR... **PROBLEM!** I'VE COME TO HELP!

GET OUT OF HERE! THERE'S NOTHING YOU OR ANYONE ELSE CAN DO!



CHESTER... PLEASE!

DOC, I GOT A GUN HERE... DON'T MAKE ME USE IT!



PLEASE! M-MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE...

TOO LATE? IT WAS TOO LATE THE DAY YOU CAME TO FOSTERDALE!

ELLIOT'S MIND RACED BACK... BACK TO THE DAY HE HAD FIRST ARRIVED IN FOSTERDALE... THE DAY HE HAD FIRST SEEN CHESTER HOLCOMB... AT THE FUNERAL OF THE MAN HE WAS TO REPLACE!

WHAT AM I GONNA DO?
WHAT AM I GONNA **DO?**
BLAST YOU, DOC ADAMS!
WHY'D YOU HAVE
TO DIE?!



THE MUTTERINGS OF THE GREAT HULK OF A MAN HAD REACHED ELLIOT'S EAR... A DOCTOR'S CONCERN MADE HIM APPROACH...

I DON'T LIKE TO
INTRUDE, BUT PERHAPS
I COULD HELP... I'M
TO BE DR ADAMS'S
REPLACEMENT.

WHA?
GET AWAY!
HE WAS THE
ONLY ONE COULD
DO ANYTHING...
THE ONLY ONE!
GET AWAY! LEAVE
ME ALONE!!



STRANGE! DOESN'T
APPEAR TO HAVE
TOUCHED A RAZOR
FOR DAYS... BUT
HE'S DRENCHED
WITH SHAVING
LOTION!



YET FROM THE BEGINNING, ELLIOT HAD BEEN INTRIGUED BY THE CASE OF CHESTER HOLCOMB... AND THE CAUSE OF HIS STRANGENESS...

SEEMS TO BE A COMPLETE RECLUSE... ONLY LEAVES THAT OLD HOUSE OCCASIONALLY FOR GROCERIES...



DON'T PAY HIM
NO MIND, DOC!
THAT'S CHESTER
HOLCOMB... THE
TOWN CHARACTER!

HAZARDOUS ENOUGH...
BUT SIMPLE MINDED!
NOT MUCH UPSTAIRS!



HE WATCHED THE HULKING MAN CLOSELY, HOPING FOR SOME CLUE TO WHAT LAY BENEATH THE RETARDED EXTERIOR. .

AN A CASE OF SHAVING LOTION. .

A CASE? LAWD.. YOU NEED THE WHOLE FACTORY!

OR BETTER YET A BATH!

IT'S PURE CRIMINAL FOR A MAN TO WALK AROUND LIKE THAT

THERE'S A LIMIT TO WHAT PERFUME CAN COVER UP!

THE BOYS ARE RIGHT! IF YOU CAN'T TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, STAY OUT OF MY STORE! I'M NOT FILLING ANY MORE ORDERS FOR YOU!

CHESTER! THOSE MEN'S ACTIONS WERE INEXCUSABLE... IF YOU'D LET ME HELP.

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! LENNIE ALONE!!

MY GOD... HIS FLESH WAS COLD AS ICE!

YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY NONE ABOUT THAT BIG HULK, DOC! HE MAY BE SIMPLE, BUT HE'S HEALTHY AS A BULL. .NOTHIN' CAN HURT HIM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

"YESSIR... AIN'T NOthin' CAN HURT THAT HOBBS... LIKE THE DAY HE WANDERED RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF LEM FULLER'S PRODUCE TRUCK!"



"DOC ADAMS ALWAYS TOOK A SPECIAL INTEREST IN CHESTER... ALWAYS WORRIED ABOUT HIM... EVEN HE DIDN'T HAVE NO HOPE WHEN HE GOT TO HIM SPRAWLED OUT IN THE STREET!"



"WASN'T A MAN AMONG US THAT DIDN'T FIGURE WE CARRIED A DEAD MAN INTO THE DOC'S OFFICE... BUT WE HADN'T MORE 'AN LAD HIM OUT ON THE TABLE WHEN... UP HE SAT!"



THAT WAS 'BOUT A WEEK BEFORE OL' DOC KICKED OFF WITH HIS HEART ATTACK! WONDER ALL OF US DIDN'T HAVE ONE, SEEN CHESTER WALK AWAY FROM A THING LIKE THAT! AIN'T NOthin' CAN HURT THAT BOY!



MONTHS PASSED... CHESTER HOLCUMB MADE NO MORE APPEARANCES IN THE GENERAL STORE... OR ANYWHERE ELSE IN FOSTERDALE!



SOMETHIN' STRANGE IS GOIN' ON AROUND HERE! LAST NIGHT SOME KIND OF CRITTER BROKE INTO OUR FRUIT CELLAR... MADE OFF WITH A LOT OF STUFF!



'SHERIFF OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING' IT'S HAPPENED TO A LOT OF FOLKS... CHICKENS... CROPS... ANY KINDA FOOD! THE THING SHOULD BE HUNTED DOWN!

TRACKIN' IT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM... LEFT AN AWFUL STRONG SMELL IN OUR 'FRUIT CELLAR'!



THE ANGRY, HOPELESS VOICE DROVE HIM BACK TO HIS OFFICE... AND TO THE OLD FILE'S LEFT BY DOC ADAMS...

NOTHING HERE ON CHESTER... NOT EVEN A RECORD OF BIRTH!

WAIT!... DOC ADAMS ALSO KEPT A DIARY!



ELLIOT RACED FROM THE STORE TO CHESTER'S FRONT DOOR... THE SEEDS OF MOB VIOLENCE HAD BEEN IN THE CONVERSATION JUST HEARD, AND IT WOULD BE BUT A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL EVERYONE MADE THE SAME CONNECTION HE HAD!

CHESTER! LISTEN TO REASON! I'M A DOCTOR... THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO... TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING!

MEDICINE WON'T HELP! NOTHING WILL! JUST LEAVE ME BE!



HE UNCOVERED THE OLD BOOK... BEGAN BROWNING THROUGH THE FACED INK ENTRIES... UNTIL...

HERE! MOTHER DIED IN CHILDBIRTH... SURVIVED BY... TWINS!! BOTH DEFORMED AT BIRTH SO THAT... OH, MY GOD!



HE READ THE REST OF THE ENTRIES IN HORROR, THEN CLOSED THE BOOK! ELLIOT NOW KNEW HOW HOPELESS CHESTER'S SITUATION WAS... YET, NO MATTER HOW FUTILE, HIS DOCTOR'S INSTINCTS DROVE HIM BACK INTO THE NIGHT TOWARD THE DARKENED OLD HOUSE...



CHESTER, I READ DOC ADAM'S DIARY... I KNOW THERE ARE TWO OF YOU! ONE IS THE TWIN WITH THE NORMAL BODY... THE TWIN KILLED BY THE TRUCK.



THE TWIN THAT EVEN THOUGH DEAD, EVEN THOUGH DECAYING, HAD TO KEEP MOVING AND PROVIDING FOR YOU! YOU CHESTER... THE OTHER TWIN! THE TWIN BORN WITH THE BRAIN FOR BOTH BODIES!!



NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER BODY, IT COULD STILL BE MOVED BY YOUR THOUGHTS AND WILL POWER! NOW WILL YOU LET ME TRY TO HELP?



DON'T TOUCH THE LIGHTS! I CAN'T STAND TO BE SEEN! DON'T! DON'T!!

ELLIOT'S FINGERS WERE ALREADY ON THE SWITCH... HE COULD NOT STOP HIMSELF... BUT IN THE SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE LIGHT FLOODED THE RANCID-SMELLING ROOM...



CHESTER!
NO!

BLAM!

DR. ELLIOT TRIED TO SCREAM, BUT ONLY A CHOKED WHISPER WOULD COME FORTH... CHESTER HOLCOMB HAD GIVEN HIS LAST THOUGHT COMMAND TO THE DECAYED THING THAT HAD BEEN HIS MINDLESS TWIN... MAKING THE BONY FINGER TRIGGER THE SUICIDE SHOT TO THE BRAIN WHICH CONTROLLED THEM BOTH!



...MY GOD!

TSK, TSK! TOO BAD... CHESTER WAS A REAL BRAIN! NO WONDER HE WAS HEAD OF THE FAMILY! NOW, IF YOU'VE A MIND TO, PUSH ON TO MY NEXT TALE...





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PROLOGUE: Belief in literal resurrection of the body led ancient Egyptians to painstaking mummification and elaborate precaution to preserve the sanctity of the tomb.....



While the body lay at rest, the **KA**, or life spirit, wandered the darkness in search of the Hall of the Dead for judgment before **OSIRIS** who grants the right to be restored to life.....



Yet some **KAs** are sentenced to wander **THIS** world, granted access to the preserved body and sent forth on errands of destruction and....

HORROR!





NOW THAT WE'VE UNWRAPPED THE PULSATING PROLOGUE TO THIS LITTLE **MUMMY-YUMMY**, LET'S LEAN BACK IN OUR **SARCOPHAGI** AND LOOK IN ON EGYPT IN THE YEAR 1908 WHERE A BOLD BAND OF ARCHAEOLOGISTS ARE ABOUT TO FIND THEMSELVES EMBARKING ON A TERROR-TRIP...

into the **TOMB!**

I WARNED YOU, LAURA! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE INTO CAIRO... I HAD A FEELING... EVERY NATIVE... **GONE!** THE WHOLE CAMP... **DESTROYED!**

OVERHEAD, SCAVENGER BIRDS WHEELED AND CRIED WITH ANXIOUS ANTICIPATION... THE BRILLIANT GLARE OF THE AFTERNOON SUN MADE RIPPLING HEAT WAVES DANCE OVER THE SCENE OF DEVASTATION, MAKING IT ALL THE MORE INSENSIBLE AND DREAM-LIKE TO THE THREE ON-LOOKERS...



GUILT AND UNCERTAINTY CAUSE LAURA PETERS TO WINCE AT THE YOUNG ARCHAEOLOGIST'S ACCUSATION...

B-BUT FATHER INSISTED...WHERE IS HE, ARMAND? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! IF WE HADN'T WASTED TIME MEETING YOUR FIANCE AND DRAGGING HIM OUT HERE, PERHAPS THIS COULD'VE BEEN PREVENTED!

FATHER WANTED ALAN HERE WHEN WE OPENED THE TOMB...SURELY HE'S STILL AROUND SOMEWHERE...

OVER-HERE! TRACKS...



WIND'S WIPED OUT MOST OF THEM, BUT THEY SEEM TO HEAD OUT THIS WAY...

TOWARD THE TOMB! OH, ALAN... YOU DON'T SUPPOSE FATHER WOULD HAVE...

THEY RACED TOWARD THE EXCAVATION SITE... DOWN CENTURIES-OLD STEPS UNCOVERED AFTER WEEKS OF LABOR... STOPPING AT THE INSCRIPTION-COVERED DOOR...

THE SEAL'S BROKEN! I TOLD PETERS NOT TO DO ANYTHING UNTIL I GOT BACK! I LOCATED THE TOMB... IT'S MY...

A MAN OF THE PROFESSOR'S REPUTATION DOESN'T NEED TO STEAL YOUR THUNDER, ARMAND! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHY THE DOOR'S BEEN TAMPERED WITH...



UNBROKEN LAMPS WERE SALVAGED FROM THE DEBRIS OF THE CAMP... RETURNING TO THE SITE, BOTH MEN STRAINED AT THE GREAT STONE DOOR, AND THE GATEWAY TO FOUR THOUSAND YEARS PAST WAS THROWN OPEN...

SO DEEP AND BLACK... SO UNDISTURBED... IT'S OVERWHELMING...

AS BEFITS THE RESTING PLACE OF A KING... AND FEW WERE MIGHTIER THAN AMEN-THET!





THROUGH AIR MUSTY AND DARK WITH THE CENTURIES, THEY PLUNGED DOWNWARD ALONG STEPS WET WITH SLIME AND DAMP...

STAY CLOSE TO ME...THE CORRIDOR WILL TURN INTO A REAL MAZE FURTHER ON...

WITH RELENTLESS SURETY, ARMAND SWEEPED INTO THE DARKNESS, THROUGH TWISTING, TURNING PASSAGEWAYS, PAST BRANCHES AND BLIND TURNS...

THIS IS **FANTASTIC!** HOW CAN HE DO IT?

APPROACHED FATHER CLAIMING TO POSSESS RARE OLD MAPS AND SCROLLS...NEVER SHOWED THEM TO A SOUL BUT HE'S BEEN RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING...WHERE TO DIS...WHOSE TOMB WE'D FIND...



WHY STOP HERE? PASSAGEWAY SEEMS TO GO ON MUCH FURTHER...

NEVER MIND THAT... LOOK UP HERE! SEE THIS ONE STONE... STANDS OUT MORE THAN THE REST?



GIVE ME A HAND... **PUSH!** MECHANISM'S STIFF AND FAULTY...

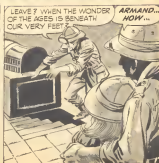
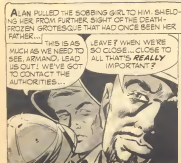


THE ECHOING STONE GRATING ON STONE GROANED THROUGH THE NARROW CORRIDOR... THE WALL SEEMED TO SHUDDER THEN GIVE WAY...

EVERY PRECAUTION...THE CUNNING OF MASTER BUILDERS...A PHARAOH'S SANCTITY IS SACRED...

AMEN-THET'S BURIAL CHAMBER!

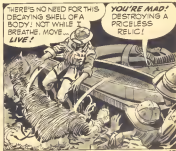
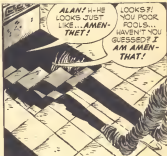




ARMAND THRUST HIS LAMP INTO THE YAWNING BLACK CAVITY BELOW AND ITS LIGHT WAS REFLECTED BACK BY THE GLITTERING SPLENDOR OF A DYNASTY'S RICHES...

NOW STANTON... AMEN-THET'S TREASURE ROOM! THE RESTING PLACE OF A PHARAOH!

YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED ME! HOW, ARMAND? HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?





LONG MOMENTS PASSED AS THE RAG-SWATHED CREATURE STOOD STARING, THEN COMPREHENSION REACHED INTO THE DECAYING MIND... HORUTA MOVED...



WITH ITS DELIBERATE DRAGGING STRIDE, THE KA-ANIMATED THING CARRIED ITS SQUIRMING, SCREAMING BURDEN ACROSS THE TREASURE-FILLED CHAMBER.



...PUSHING THE SHOUTING FORM INTO THE NOW-EMPTY SARCOPHAGUS...

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! LET ME OUT!



THEY'RE ESCAPING! SEALING THE CHAMBER... WE'LL BE TRAPPED IN HERE FOREVER!

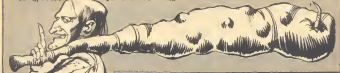


WEARILY, HORUTA BROUGHT THE HEAVY CARVED LID INTO POSITION FOR RESEALING... THE TASK WAS ALL BUT COMPLETE AND HIS KA COULD SOON ABANDON ITS SMOLDERING HULK, KNOWING THAT ONCE AGAIN THE BODY OF AMEN-THET RESTED UNDISTURBED IN ITS SARCOPHAGUS UNTIL THE DAY OF RESURRECTION!

LOOKS TO ME LIKE ARMAND'S CASE IS JUST ABOUT CLOSED, BH. MONSTERS? SINCE EVERYTHING'S ALL WRAPPED UP HERE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL MARCH ON TO MY NEXT AWFUL ALLEGORY...



THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Creeper clear, fan-clubbers, as of **UNCLE CREEPY** leads you into another **MONSTROUS MEETING** of our little shrunken society. Just curl up on your couch, be careful not to wrinkle your forehead and we'll get on with the **PULSATING PROCEEDINGS**.

As is our custom, we'll begin with another comic outline of the career of one of **DEMON CRAFTSMEN**. This month we're featuring a man who's a real fan favorite, ranking high with all you rank readers. The actual anti-rampant parody posing below is **REED CHAMALL**, whose fine line work has definitely delighted you demons (some other issue).



Reed was born on a farm near Winslow, Indiana, February 22, 1917. Being both an **Washington's** birthday, fortune-telling did not lead him into a career of chopping chert. Instead, he became interested in sketching the animals around the farm, his subjects shapening to the point that while in high school, he won a scholarship to the Cleveland School of Art, which he attended for 4 years before getting a job with NEA in Cleveland doing Sunday supplement illustrations and a weekly cartoon.

After one year, Reed headed for New York and worked with Jerry Iger and Will Eisner. He's been doing comics ever since. From 1940 to 1952, Reed worked for most of the top

firms in the business, including Simon and Kirby, and Bibo and Wood, but the bulk of his work was done for Quality Comics where he did many of their features including **The Ray**, **Felkovich**, **Doll Man**, and **Blackhawk**.

From Quality, Reed went to the popular **Entertaining Comics (EC)**, whose staff included some of the top men in the field, many of whom now appear in the pages of **CREEPY**, **ECIE**, and **BLAZING COMBAT**. Between 1953 and 1955, Reed did many a fine job for EC, appearing regularly in almost all of their books, covering war, horror, crime, and science fiction.

With the demise of the EC line (except for MAD), Reed went back to free-lancing with work appearing in many of the major group's war, western, and fantasy comics, plus art done in **Classics Illustrated** working with Al Williamson and George Evans. For the past year or years, Reed has contributed to **Treasure Chest** comics, a publication circulated to Catholic schools.

Edgar Rice Burroughs fans have come to know Reed's work through the fine illustrations he's done for **Canaveral Press's** hard cover **Tarzan** and **John Carter** series. Since **CREEPY**, all Reed has regularly appeared in all the western books to the constant delight of both staff and readers alike. In addition to his work at Warren, Reed has made appearances in several corners of the **Gold Key** line as well as in **Thriller Agents**.

Combined with Reed's fantastic drawing ability and mastery of rendering technique, is the rare ability to take any subject or setting and impart to it a complete sense of realism and authenticity. This, along with the fact that he is one of the most genial and unassuming men in the comic field, has earned him the high regard of his fellow artists, in addition to a growing circle of reader-admirers. Asked about his ambitions, Reed replied "To live in an ivory tower and try to learn to draw and paint, also to pursue unendurable pleasures indiscriminately prole-

ed." It looks to us as though the drawing and painting are pretty far along already, so surely the ivory tower and pro-

From the life and times of the **CREEPY CREATOR**, let's draw our winning remains into the strife and strife of our **FIENDISH FANFI**. To allow more space for the occult of fears of monstrous material submitted by you **FRENZIED FOLLOWERS**, this month we've



Next we go to a **FEAR FABLE** wrought by another rabid reader of our beauty band of horror happenings. . . Arnold Bejerreux, #285, of San Jose, California, led us to face . . .

FATE'S VERDICT by Arnold Bejerreux

I am going to die today, and welcome the very certainty of it with relief. It has been six

longed pleasure can't be too far behind. . . And in my opinion, it couldn't happen to a nicer guy!

expanded to another pulsating paper! Leading off with this issue's **FEAR FABLES**, in a special feature from the terrifying talent of high school art student **FRANK BRUNNER**, Fan #44 of Brooklyn, "New York" Looks like Frank's character has a bone to pick.



This filthy woman-infested "hell" to await execution. I remember, oh wretched soul, the room was all black, save for a small glow of light upon the judge's table

With the verdict rendered and the sentence imposed, all that is left is to await my doom. My quarters consist of

a small unlighted cubicle within which is a small table upon which are my notes and letters. On the one side of my cell is a bunk. It has no mattress or cover of any kind. The other side is a bare wall which is, strangely enough, damp.

I have been writing in this notebook since early this morning, but now I must close it for the final time. I wish that I might bid farewell to this world with forgiveness in my heart, but I find I cannot. I am choking with a bitter hatred for the great miscarriage of justice that will send me to my grave ahead of time. They will come for my soul so I had better close, but I swear



"IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL JUST ROOM IN HERE WITH A CUP OF TEA ABOUT OLD 'SCREATOR' THE DEVIL YOU SAY WELL, JUST TAKE CARE NOT TO BURN YOUR SOUL, AND MEET US IN CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE!"



THE DEVIL IS KNOWN TO MANY FOLLOWS, AND IT USUALLY BECOMES A MAN-HEADED HORROR AND A TAIL.



THE HONEY RANGHALLA ARE TWILIGHT DORES OF SEVERAL OTHERS WHO CAN ASSURE ANY SHARE AT WILL THEY ARE FOLLOWING ANGLES OF CANAVENAL MYSTICISM NOT UNLIKE CREEPY MANEIL. ACCORDING TO HINDU BELIEFS, THE RANGHALLA GATHER IN SOUTHS FOR ETERNAL



A glow of light so faint that it illuminated only three doors, leaving the recesses of their faces dark, not unlike the features of a death mask. They spoke stammering, making accusations about my being involved in heinous crimes. At first I protested the accusations vehemently, but as I grew fatigued with making protests, they suspected my guilt all the more. As I grew more weary, I protested less and less. I occasionally the verdict was as anticipated. Guilty!

With the verdict rendered and the sentence imposed, all that is left is to await my doom. My quarters consist of

a small unlighted cubicle within which is a small table upon which are my notes and letters. On the one side of my cell is a bunk. It has no mattress or cover of any kind. The other side is a bare wall which is, strangely enough, damp.

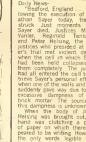
I have been writing in this notebook since early this morning, but now I must close it for the final time. I wish that I might bid farewell to this world with forgiveness in my heart, but I find I cannot. I am choking with a bitter hatred for the great miscarriage of justice that will send me to my grave ahead of time. They will come for my soul so I had better close, but I swear

that my death will be avenged. Even if I must suffer in the severest fires of hell because of it, my curse will be carried out. I sign these notes now lest I leave this world another southern Sayer. Except from the Bedford Daily News.

Bedford, England. . . Following the execution of Jonathan Sayer today, tragedy struck. Just moments after Sayer died, Judges Martin Vanier, Reginald Tenside, and Peter Helmsing, the very justices who presided at Sayer's trial met violent deaths when the cell in which Sayer had been held collapsed on them completely. The judges had all entered the cell to retrieve Sayer's personal effects when one of the walls and suddenly gave way due to the excessive dampness of the brick mortar. The source of this dampness is unknown.

When the body of Judge Helmsing was brought out, his face was slathered with a piece of paper on which these appeared to be written. However, the only words legible were "my death shall be avenged."

For another bit of **DEMONIC DOINGS** by our manual members we unlimbly the wide list of weird work taking on the left. Fanged **FACE OF LAMMANT** CRE #336, of Indianapolis, Indiana, crept out of his sinister sanctuary long enough to capture up his version of our popular **LOATHSOME LORE**, a devil sheet of scary scripting and creepy cartooning. You'll find his choice of subject definitely inspired. . . Winding up our last pages of this wild new defiance we exhibit a scathing submission of the macabre with the words "I am a vampire, I am a vampire, I am a vampire."



For information on how you can join the Fan Club, see page 17, and see us in issue #337.



For information on how you can join the Fan Club, see page 17, and see us in issue #337.



STEP THIS WAY, FELLOW FIENDS, THERE'S SOMETHING... ER... SOMEONE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET... REALLY, HE'S A NICE FELLOW, BUT PEOPLE KEEP TRYING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIM ? MAKES HIM MAD... WHY IS IT SO DARK ? WELL, HE'S SORT OF SENSITIVE ABOUT HIS APPEARANCE ... YOU SEE, HE'S SOMETHING OF A

MONSTER!

YOU ARE SICK OF THE DARKNESS, TIRED OF THE MOSS AND SLIME-COATED WALLS YOU CAN TAKE NO MORE OF THE DARK MURKY WATER AND MUSTY CHILL... YOU MUST MOVE, ACT...

WHY ARE YOU HERE IN THIS PLACE OF DARK AND BLACKNESS ? THE REASON IS NO LONGER CLEAR... BUT YOU'VE GROWN TIRED OF IT... SOMETHING IS URGING YOU ON... TOWARD THE LIGHT...

YOUR HAND CLOSES ON THE RUST-COATED RUNG... YOU EXPERIENCE A SENSE OF FORBODING WHAT WAITS ABOVE ? ONCE YOU KNEW, BUT NOW YOU'RE NOT SURE... YOU MUST FIND OUT !



EFFORTLESSLY,
AND NOISELESSLY,
YOUR HANDS DIS-
PLACE THE LARGE
IRON LID - NOW,
AMID THE EARLY
EVENING HAZE
YOU SEE THE
VILLAGE, DESERTED
AND STILL...
SOMEWHERE, FAR
IN THE DISTANCE
A DOG BAYS AT
THE RISING MOON...



WHERE ARE THE VILLAGERS? WHY
IS IT SO QUIET? DEEP IN THE
HUGE HULK OF YOUR BODY YOU
SENSE SOMETHING... MORE THAN
HAZE HANGS OVER THIS VILLAGE...
DRAPING EACH DARKENED
HOUSE YOU SENSE... **FEAR!**



YOU TURN
AND STRIDE
OVER THE
COBBLE STONES,
HEAVY FOOT-
FALLS ECHOING
AND REBOUNING
FROM THE
SHUTTERED
BUILDING FRONTS...
WHERE YOU GO
IS UNCERTAIN,
YET EACH STEP
IS STRONG AND
DETERMINED...



...LEADING YOU
THROUGH THE
TWISTING
STREETS
TO THE EDGE
OF THE
VILLAGE...
WITH EACH
STEP YOU BE-
COME SLOWLY
AWARE OF
HAVING DONE
THIS BEFORE...
YOU KNOW THE
QUESTIONS
IN YOUR MIND
CAN BE
ANSWERED
HERE!



AND HERE AMONG THE DEAD, YOU FIND
THE LIVING...



THERE'S NOTHING
MORE WE CAN DO,
EVA... THE NIGHT'S
NOT SAFE! WE
SHOULD HAVE
LEFT LONG AGO...



HAVE THEY CAUGHT HIM?
HAVE THE VILLAGERS HUNTED
DOWN THAT T-THING?
THAT **MONSTER**
THAT KILLED PAUL?

HE WAS YOUR
HUSBAND AND MY
COLLEAGUE... I'VE
TRIED TO TAKE
CARE OF
EVERYTHING...

SLOWLY, LIKE THE FIRST FEW
FLICKERS OF A FOREST FIRE,
YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND...
YOU ARE THE **MONSTER!**
YOU!

THAT CREATURE KILLED PAUL!
MY PAUL! THEY'VE GOT TO
DESTROY IT! THE MONSTER
MUST DIE! **DIE!**

THIS WAY! THIS WAY!
THE GRAVEYARD!

NOW A MEMORY
COMES TO YOU!
...OF THE MOIST
BLACK SOIL OF
THE GRAVEYARD
EARTH BENEATH
YOUR FEET...
OF THE BATTERED,
LIFELESS BODY
YOU CARRIED...
OF FLICKERING
TORCHES AND
SHOUTING IN
THE DISTANCE...

NOLENT ANGRY SHOUTING OF MEN BENT
ON REVENGE... BENT ON DESTROYING **YOU!**

HE'S STILL CARRYING THE BODY, JUST
LIKE I SAW HIM IN THE VILLAGE!
AFTER HIM!

AFTER HIM!

THERE ARE
MANY OF
THEM... YOU
LOOSEN
YOUR GRIP
ON THE
BLOOD-
STAINED
CORPSE,
LETTING
IT DROP
WITH A
THUD...
THEIR CRIES
ARE LIKE
THE BAYING
OF HOUNDS,
AND YOU
ARE THEIR

PREY!

THERE! GET HIM!
KILL THE MONSTER!
KILL HIM!

THEY SWARM
UP QUICKLY,
A WOLFPACK
ATTACKING
A WOUNDED
BEAR...
STRIKING AND
THRUSTING
WITH THEIR
TORCHES
AND OTHER
WEAPONS...
HURTING
STINGING
BUT NOT
STOPPING...



THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR YOU... YOUR GREAT
HULKING BODY...YOUR THRASHING BRUTE'S
FISTS...

THEY CAN ONLY FALL BACK BEFORE
THE MAD ANIMAL FURY....

BACK!

GET BACK
AWAY FROM
HIM!



**OUT OF HIS REACH! WE
CAN USE THE RIFLES!**



THE NIGHT
EXPLODES
WITH SUN
FIRE...
WHITE HOT
PAIN SLAPS
AND TEARS
ABOUT YOUR
BODY...
THEIR
HUNTING
PIECES CAN-
NOT BRING
YOU DOWN,
BUT THE
HURT IS
ENRAGING...
MADDENING...

WEAGHHH

YOU RUN
SHRIEKING
THROUGH
THE NIGHT
AS MUST
A WOUNDED
BEAST
CLATTERING
THROUGH
THE EMPTY
VILLAGE
SEEKING
COMFORT
SANCTUARY
HELP....

AAAGGHHH

WHAT'S THE MAT-
TER WITH YOU?
DON'T YOU
RECOGNIZE ME?
THIS WAY,
QUICKLY! I'VE
FOUND A PLACE
TO HIDE
YOU...



YOU RESIST THE IMPULSE TO SMASH AND KILL ON SIGHT... ALMOST IN SPIKE OF YOURSELF, YOU LET HIM LIVE, TAKE HIM AT HIS WORD...

IT IS THE JARRING THOUGHT OF THAT FACE PEERING DOWN AS THE IRON LID FELL INTO PLACE... PINCHED, DISTRAUGHT, VAGUELY EVIL... THAT BEGINS PULLING YOU BACK INTO THE PRESENT....

THAT'S RIGHT... GOOP!
YOU'VE GOT TO STAY
DOWN IN THERE
UNTIL I COME FOR
YOU... UNDERSTAND?



I'M THE ONLY
ONE WHO CAN HELP
YOU... YOU MUST
REMEMBER...
UNDERSTAND!



THE GIRL IS SOBBING
HYSTERICALLY NOW...
SOBBING OVER **YOUR**
HANDWORK... THE MAN
YOU KILLED...

HOW COULD SUCH A
MONSTROUSITY EVEN
LIVE? A MINDLESS BRUTE
OF ANIMATED DEAD
FLESH? HOW CAN HE
LIVE AND PAUL BE DEAD?
TELL ME, NOEL... WHO
COULD BE RESPONSIBLE
FOR SUCH A

C-CREATURE?



THE WORDS PROBE
LIKE A DAGGER INTO
YOUR MIND TWISTING
AND TURNING UNTIL
THE TRUTH BEGINS TO
EMERGE... THE TRUTH
OF YOUR CREATION!

IT'S WORKING...
YOU'RE MOVING...
YOU LIVE...

I'VE DONE IT...
DONE IT!



WE CREATED YOU AND USED YOU... AS
HIS OWN PRIVATE INSTRUMENT OF
MURDER... YOU **KILLED** FOR HIM...
DID HIS BIDDING... BECAME HIS
MONSTER... MONSTER...



GET HIS BODY
AWAY FROM
HERE! HIDE IT
IN THE
CEMETARY...
HURRY!

THE OOOZING MUD AND SAND GREEDILY ACCEPTS YOUR GREAT BULK AS YOU TIGHTEN YOUR GRIP ON YOUR NOW STRUGGLING BURDEN....



NOW THERE IS NO STOPPING AS THE BOG CLUTCHES AND DRAGS YOU STEADILY DOWNWARD....



THE PITS ARE SAID TO BE BOTTOMLESS ... PREHISTORIC... CLAIMING EVERYTHING THAT FALLS INTO THEIR GRASP...



SAND AND MUD CREEP INTO YOUR EYES, MOUTH AND NOSTRILS... THERE ISN'T TIME TO QUESTION WHAT YOU HEARD... YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE....



... THERE ISN'T EVEN TIME TO SCREAM !



KEEP HEE, HOW 'BOUT THAT, KIDDIE'S ... GET **SUCKED IN** BY THAT ENDING ? BEING A MONSTER WOULDN'T BE SO BAD IF YOU DIDN'T GET **BOGGED** DOWN LIKE THIS / NOW WHY DON'T YOU OOOZE OVER TO MY NEXT OFFERING ... IT'S PRETTY **MONSTROUS** ITSELF!



MERCIFULLY,
THE GIRL
FAINTS AS
YOU LUNGE
TOWARD
THEM...
SHE WON'T
HAVE TO
BE A
WITNESS
AS YOU
REMOVE
THIS
ABOMIN-
ATION
FROM THE
EARTH!

N-NO...WHAT ARE YOU DOING...
YOU'LL RUIN EVERYTHING...
GET BACK...

GET BACK!



OUR TWO
HUGE HANDS
GRIP AND
TIGHTEN,
SQUEEZING,
CRUSHING,
DESTROYING...
THEN, AS
HIS BODY
BEGINS TO
GO LIMP,
ANOTHER
THOUGHT
OCCURS
TO YOU...



IT'S NOT ENOUGH THAT HE BE DESTROYED...
WHAT OF YOURSELF? A CREATURE OF HORROR
AND LOATHING... WHAT GUARANTEE IS THERE
THAT OTHERS WON'T MISUSE YOU AS THIS ONE
HAD DONE?



YOU CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN...
THROUGH THE DRIFTING HAZE OF THE
NIGHT YOU STRIDE DETERMINEDLY, A
DESTINATION FORMING IN YOUR
MIND... OUT ON THE WILD MOORS...
AMONG THE BOGS...



...THE FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR MONSTER AND MASTER!



RAGE BUBBLES
AND SEETHES
WITHIN YOU...
YOU SUPPRESS
AN UNCONTROL-
ABLE URGE TO
SCREAM...
TO HAVE BEEN
SO MONSTROUS-
LY MISUSED FOR
SOMEONE ELSE'S
EVIL! THE
VOICES DRAW
NEARER... THEY
ARE LEAVING,
COMING CLOSE
TO WHERE
YOU ARE ---



NOW THEY PASS NEAR AND
FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU
SEE THAT IT IS **HIM!** THE
AUTHOR OF ALL THIS GRIEF
AND HORROR... YOUR
CREATOR!



YOU MUST TRY
AND CONTROL
YOURSELF, EVA...
LOOK TO THE
FUTURE...



YOU WATCH AS HIS HANDS TOUCH AND COMFORT HER, HIS MOUTH SPEWS FORTH PLATITUDES,
HIS EYES PRETEND COMFORT... YOU WATCH KNOWING HE HAS PLANNED THIS, KNOWING THE
EVIL HE HAS PERPETRATED LEADING UP TO THIS MOMENT...



...UNTIL
YOU
CAN
STAND
IT NO
LONGER!

AAAAARRRRGGHHH
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE



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HEH HEH! GIVER W' TIMBERS IF YOU AIN'T THE **GLUTTON FOR GRUESOME GOODIES!** HERE YOU ARE, BACK AGAIN FOR A **SALTY SAGA OF SORDID SCHEMES** ABOARD THE GOOD SHIP, **S.S. KILGORE!** CLIMB ABOARD, MATEYS, AND WE'LL TAKE THE OL' GIRL OUT ON A...

MIDNIGHT SAIL

DALVIN BROWN, YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO RENT A BOAT THIS BIG WHEN YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO SAIL IT!

DON'T WORRY, KITTEN! WE'LL FIND OUT HOW TO GET THIS THING MOVING, AND WHEN WE DO, WE'LL SAIL ALL OVER THE LAKE!

THIS ISN'T A TOY, YOU KNOW! WE COULD GET HURT! IT'S DANGEROUS TO FOOL WITH BOATS IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

...IF THIS KOOKY CONTRAPTION DOESN'T SHAPE UP AND GET GOING...



AHOY, MATEYS! DO I GUESS YOU'RE HAVIN' A BIT OF DIFFICULTY GETTIN' UNDER-WAY, AND WOULDN'T YE BE 'NEEDIN' A LITTLE HELP, NOW?

WHA...WELL, YEAH, MISTER, CAN YOU TELL US WHAT'S WRONG?





AYE! I'LL NOT ONLY TELL YOU, I'LL **SHOW** YOU! LEND A HAND, LADS AND HELP THE OLD MAN ABOARD! AH! 'TIS JOLLY GOOD IT FEELS TO HAVE A DECK BENEATH ME FEET AGAIN!

OKAY NOW HOW DO WE SAIL THIS THING?

YE CANNOT SAIL STRAIGHT INTO THE WIND LIKE YOU BEEN TRYIN'! HAUL IN ON THAT MAIN SHEET, TRIM HER CLOSE ABOARD, BEND THE TELLER TO PORT AND WE'LL SCOOT LIKE A... AH! HERE WE GO!

HEY! WE'RE MOVING!

CRAZY!

BE CAREFUL! DON'T GO NEAR THE FALLS!

AH, 'TIS GOOD I' HAVE THE FEEL OF A STOUT SHIP IN ME HANDS! WELL I REMEMBERS ME LAST VOYAGE, YEARS BACK, WHEN MEN OF THE SEA WERE **MEN**, AND HAD TO KNOW MORE'N A PACK OF ARITHMETIC! WE WERE SALIN' ROUND THE HORN, ON THE GOOD SHIP **KILGORE...**



"IT WAS AN IL VOYAGE, ONE BY ONE, THE CREW MEMBERS HAD CAUGHT A STRANGE SICKNESS THAT WEAKENED AND KILLED THEM, TILL THERE WERE NONE LEFT. BUT I KNEW THE KILGORE AND SHE KNEW ME, AND WE CARRIED ON, NO THANKS TO A STUPID CAPTAIN AND MATE...



FELTON, YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE TWENTY DEGREES OFF COURSE AGAIN!

I'VE TOLD YE AFORE, MATE! YE CAN'T BE TELLIN' THE KILGORE WHERE TO SAIL! SHE WANTS HER HEAD AND SHE'LL TAKE IT! YE JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT THROUGH YOUR SKULL!

THE KILGORE WILL SAIL WHERE SHE'S TOLD! ALL WE NEED IS SOMETHING MORE THAN A LUBBER LIKE YOU TO STAND THE HELM! BILLY JIM THE CABIN BOY COULD DO NO WORSE!

AWWWW... YE RUDDY NINCOMPOOP! **LUBBER**, AM I? YE'LL SOON FIND OUT I'M THE ONLY ONE CAN PROPER SAIL THE KILGORE! AYE! YE'LL SOON FIND OUT!





FELTON! YOU... YOU KILLED HIM!
BY DRINKING HIS BLOOD!
JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS
DIED... ALL WHITE... YOU... YOU
KILLED THEM ALL! THE
WHOLE CREW!

AYE!
AND YOU'RE
NEXT MISTER
SMARTY...

...YOU'RE NEXT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
NOW KISORE! THERE'S NONE
TO TAKE YOU FROM ME! NOW
WE'LL SAIL TOGETHER ACROSS
THE SEVEN SEAS... ACROSS
THE WHOLE BLOWN
WORLD!

EEEEEEEEEE!

THE
CAPTAIN!
HE'S DEAD!

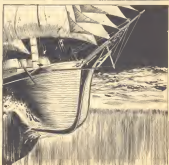
WELL IF IT ISN'T
THE PRETTY
WENCH HERSELF!
AND WHAT
WOULD YOU
BE WANTIN'
ON DECK?

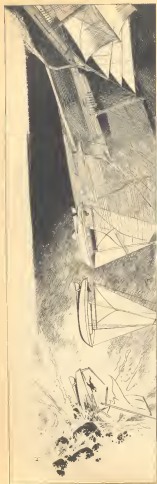
THE
CAPTAIN'S
DEAD!
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN
TO US?!

HAPPEN, LASS? NOTHING WILL
HAPPEN 'CEPT WE'LL SAIL 'WOSE
THE WIND FOR EVER AN' EVER!
NOW I'M IN COMMAND! COME
HERE! COME HERE
AND YE CAN FEAR
NAUGHT!

YOU HAVE
TO HEAD
FOR LAND!
THE STORM
WILL SMASH
US! LAND!







(sobs) OH, BILLY! THAT HORRIBLE OLD MAN! HE KILLED CALVIN AND NATE! HE RIPPED THEIR THROATS!

AND HE WOULD'VE KILLED US, TOO, IF WE HADN'T GOTTEN OFF WHEN WE DID!



BUT WE TOLD HIM ALL ALONG HE WAS HEADING FOR THE FALLS! WHY DIDN'T HE LISTEN?!

I DON'T KNOW, KITTEN! HE MUST HAVE BEEN INSANE! MAYBE HE WANTED TO COMMIT SUICIDE!



HEE, HEE!
THE OLD SEA DOG REALLY WENT OFF THE DEEP END, DIDN'T HE? WELL, HE WAS HEADING FOR A FALL RIGHT FROM THE START! (sobs) BUT DON'T CRY ANY TEARS FOR HIM...THIS STORM'S BEEN SALTY ENOUGH! AT LEAST MY YARNS ARE (WII) WELL GERSONED! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU! HEE HEE HEE!





Terror-This #3



Current #4



**AAAAHHH!
EEEEYAAAAHHHHH**



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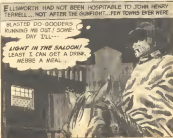
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IT'S *WEIRD WESTERN TIME*, BOYS AND GHOULS, AND THE *SARIEK SHOWDOWN* IS COMING UP AS WE JOIN JOHN HENRY TERRELL, A KILLER WHOSE CAREER AS A GUNFIGHTER IS ABOUT TO...

BACKFIRE!

A LASH OF COLD RAIN STRUCK TERRELL'S FACE, JOGGING HIM OUT OF THE SLEEP-LIKE STUPOR TWO DAYS STRAIGHT RIDING HAD BULLED HIM INTO...



ART BY GRAY MORROW / SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

HE SWUNG DOWN FROM HIS EXHAUSTED MOUNT AND ENTERED THE SALOON ON SADDLE-WEARY LEGS, ANXIOUS FOR THE WARMTH AND COMFORT PROMISED BY THE GLOW OF LIGHT...

HEY! ANYBODY ROUND? YUH GOT A CUSTOMER! WANNA GET A DRINK!

THE BAR IS CLOSED, MR. TERRELL!



THAT'S RIGHT,
OLD MAN...BIG
AN' HARD HITIN'!

AND THOSE NOTCHES,
MR. TERRELL...
ELEVEN OF THEM!
YOU'VE KILLED
ELEVEN MEN?



THINK THEY'D BE ON THERE IF I
HADN'T? ONLY IT AIN'T **ELEVEN**!
IT'S **TWELVE!** GOT ONE IN
ELLSWORTH I AINT HAD TIME
TO ADD...



"A REAL PLOWBOY... MUSTA BEEN
HIS FIRST TIME ANYWHERE BIGGER
THAN A CROSSROADS... NEEDED TO
BE TAUGHT SOME BIG-TOWN MAN-
NERS REAL BAD."



"AN' I WAS JUST THE MAN TO TEACH
HIM... ONLY BEIN' AN IGNORANT
PLOWBOY HE WAS PRETTY SLOW TO
LEARN..."



"GOT HAD... MADE LIKE HE WAS
THINKIN' OF DRAWIN' ON ME...
AN' **NOBODY** DOES THAT TO
JOHN HENRY TERRELL!"

YOU GOT THE SCRATCH TO PULL
THAT, FARMER, OR DO YOU JUST
CARRY IT 'ROUND TO SCARE OFF
CROWDS?



"HE SURPRISED ME AN' GOT THE
GUMPTION... BUT THAT WAS ALL
HE HAD! I COULDA DONE FOR A
BEER IN THE TIME IT TOOK HIM
TO GET THAT PISTOL OUT!"



FOR A MOMENT IT WAS QUIET, EXCEPT FOR THE MONOTONOUS DRIVING OF THE RAIN OUTSIDE... THEN, THE OLD MAN SPOKE...

INTERESTING, MR. TERRELL... NOT UNLIKE THE DEATH OF MY OWN SON.

IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT, HE DREW FIRST AN - OUT SIDE! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



I THINK, MR. TERRELL, THE LAST MEMBER OF THE JURY IS HERE...



TERRELL PUSHED PAST THE OLD MAN AND PEERED INTO THE UNREVEALING STORM-SWEPT DARK HESS BEYOND... A SUDDEN CRASH OF THUNDER AND A STREAK OF LIGHTNING ILLUMINATED THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE SALOON...

A FUNERAL COACH!



SLOW DRAGGING FOOTSTEPS SOUNDED ON TISERS OF THE PORCH...

I WANNA KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON, OLD MAN! WHO'S THIS JUROR? WHAT'S THIS TRIAL ALL AB...



THE BAWING DOORS CREAKED THEN FANNED EMPTY AIR BACK AND FORTH AS THE TWELFTH JUROR ENTERED...



HOODOO! I KILLED HIM IN ELLSWORTH... IT CAN'T BE! GET THAT THING OUTTA HERE, OLD MAN! 'FORE I SHOOT YOU, GET IT OUT!

THAT "THING" IS MY SON! THE SON YOU KILLED!





A LASH OF COLD RAIN STRUCK TERRELL'S FACE, JOGGING HIM OUT OF THE SLEEP-LIKE STUPOR TWO DAYS STRAIGHT RIDING HAD LULLED HIM INTO...

A DREAM! I'M ALIVE!
IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!



HE SWUNG DOWN FROM HIS EXHAUSTED MOUNT AND ENTERED THE SALOON ON SADDLE-WEARY LEGS, ANXIOUS FOR WARMTH AND COMFORT

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM... JUST A DREAM! WHAT I NEED IS A DRINK



THE BAR IS CLOSED, MR. TERRELL!

THE TOWN WAS DESERTED. SHUT UP TIGHT, TERRELL FELT VAGUELY UNEASY...

LIGHT IN THE SALOON!
LEAST I CAN GET A DRINK, NESSE A NEAL...



DREAM, MR. TERRELL!
IT WAS REAL! JUST AS IT'S GOING TO BE REAL...



YOW!
JUST LIKE THE...

... FOR THESE NEXT ELEVEN TIMES!



YAAAAAGGHHH!

HEY, HEY... BY THE TIME TERRELL'S THROUGH, HE'S REALLY GOING TO BE ALL-SHOT! FOR YOU LITTLE FRIENDS WHO WANNA KNOW JUST HOW MUCH HE'LL SUFFER, READ THIS STORY 10 MORE TIMES... FOR YOU WHO HAVE SUFFERED ENOUGH, ALREADY, ON TO THE NEXT BOOZING ORATION!



BENEATH THE CONCRETE AND STEEL OF NEW YORK'S STREETS AND BUILDINGS LIES A SECOND CITY: THE UNDERGROUND WORLD OF THE SUBWAY. A SPRAWLING SYSTEM OF CONNECTING ARTERIES... ARTERIES OF DARKNESS THROUGH WHICH RUMBLING TRAINS COURSE ENDLESSLY EXCEPT FOR OCCASIONAL DELAYS... DELAYS SUCH AS TOOK PLACE OCTOBER 9TH, 1965.



COME ON YOU, CREEPY COMMUTERS! LET'S TAKE A LOOK BELOW AND SEE JUST WHAT'S HOLDING UP THE HORROR EXPRESS... CLEAR THE TRACK AS OUR TRAIN OF THOUGHT TAKES YOU RUSHING TOWARD THE

IN THE DARKNESS!

Gore
Colley

MUST BE
SOME KINDA NUT!
NOTHIN' BUT LUCK
THAT I STOPPED THE
TRAIN... HE WAS RUNNIN'
RIGHT TOWARD IT!

I KNOW
THIS GUY!
SID AVERY... ONE
OF THE TRACK WALKERS!
B-BUT... HIS HAIR...
IT'S TURNED WHITE!

LIGHTS...
TRAIN LIGHTS...
SAVED ME...



YA WERE LUCKY, MR. AVERY!
THE TRAIN MISSED YA AND YA GET A
NICE LONG REST IN THE HOSPITAL...
NEARLY A MONTH, RIGHT?

YEAH, THAT'S
RIGHT... YOU
GOT ALL THE
LIGHTS ON?
SEEMS SORTA DARK
IN HERE...

REALLY GOT A
THING ABOUT LIGHTS
HUH, MR. AVERY?
WATTA YA GONNA
DO WHEN YOU'RE
BACK ON THE JOB?

I AIN'T GONNA
BE! THEY'RE
NEVER GONNA
GET ME DOWN IN
THAT BLACK HOLE
AGAIN! I'M
STAYIN' ON TOP
IN THE LIGHT!

FUNNY HOW THE
MIND WORKS! YOU'D
THINK THOSE DOCTORS
COULDA HELPED YA
REMEMBER WHAT
HAPPENED DOWN
THERE... WHAT MADE
YOUR HAIR DO THAT?

YEAH, FUNNY!
WHAT TIMES
IT GETTIN'
TO BE?

CLOSE
TO FIVE...
BE GETTIN'
DARK
SOON...

LOOSY
SHORT
DAYS! WHY
COULDN'T
IT BE THE
MIDDLE OF
SUMMER
STEAD
NOVEMBER...

THE BEER SLID DOWN SID AVERY'S THROAT UNFELT AND UNFELT, NOTHING MADE AN IMPRESSION ANY MORE. HE TURNED ANXIOUSLY AND STARTED TO WARD THE FADING GRAY GLOOM OUTSIDE...

SO LONG, MR. AVERY...
MAYBE SOME DAY IT'LL
ALL COME BACK TO YA,
MAKE YA FEEL BETTER!

IF ONLY I **COULD**
FORGET IT! HAD TO
LIE TO THE DOGS AN
EVERYONE ELSE... NO
BODY'D BELIEVE IT!
THEY'D THINK I WAS **NUTS!**

AVERY MOVED WITH EVER QUICKENING STRIDES RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC WAS FORMING. BUT HIS MIND WAS IMPERVIOUS TO IT... HIS TORMENTED THOUGHTS WERE OF ANOTHER DAY'S WALK... A MONTH AGO IN THE DARK LABYRINTH BELOW THE SURFACE...

THEY SAY THIS IS ONE OF THE OLDEST TUNNELS IN THE SYSTEM... JUDGING FROM ALL THE JUNK IT MUST BE!

LORD! THAT RAT... NOT THE WORK OF A TRAIN, MORE LIKE SOME OTHER WILD ANIMAL!



HE HAD HEARD STORIES FROM THE OLDER MEN, VAGUE TALES OF CRACKS AND FISSURES LEADING BELOW THE TUNNELS... OF STRANGE THINGS SELDOM SEEN BUT SOMETIMES HEARD OR *FELT* BY LATE-NIGHT WORK GANGS... STORIES HE'D LAUGHED AT...

PROBABLY ANOTHER RAT... OR A CAT! SOMETIMES WILD CREES LIVE DOWN IN THESE TUNNELS... SOMETIMES...

THE SOUND WAS UNLIKE ANYTHING AVERY HAD EVER HEARD! A LIQUID, OOZING SOUND... SOMETHING FLUID AND DELATIOUS... SLIDING, MOVING ON THE GRAVEL.

AWRIGHT! WHO'S THERE? WHO IS IT?

STUPID RATS! I'LL FIX YA!

KWIIISHH

KWIIISHH

KWIIISHH



THE SOUND ROSE FROM THE DARKNESS WAS NOT THAT OF A RAT STARTLED IN ITS RAMBLINGS...

WHAT THE

GONNA FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT... *RIGHT NOW!*

AVERY'S BODY WENT HOT THEN COLD A NUMBNESS SWEEPED OVER HIM FOLLOWED BY INCREDIBLE SHOCKS. FOR A MOMENT HE FELT HIMSELF GOING MAD THEN HE SCREAMED!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

WEEEEEE

WEEEEEE
AAAOW
WEEEEEE
AAAOW
WEEEEEE
AAAOW



THE OUTRAGED CRY OF THE WOUNDED THING ECHOED THROUGH THE TUNNEL AND WAS LOST IN THE RUMBLING OF A TRAIN IN THE DISTANCE...

THE LIGHT! IT'S A THING OF DARKNESS... CAN'T STAND THE LIGHT! IF I JUST KEEP THE BEAM ON IT...

THEN, THE BATTERIES FAILED!

IT'S GONNA KILL ME! IT'S GONNA KILL ME! GONNA KILL ME!

THE IMAGE RECEDED IN HIS MIND, BUT DID NOT COMPLETELY FADE. IT NEVER WOULD EVER.

GOTTA STOP THINKIN' ABOUT THAT THING... TRAIN LIGHTS STOPPED IT! IT CAN ONLY MANEUVER IN THE DARK... THERE'S A MILLION LIGHTS IN THIS CITY BETWEEN ME AN' IT! GOTTA STOP THINKIN'!!!

THE DIM HALLWAYS OF THE ROOMING HOUSE MADE AVERY MOVE WITH HASTE AND DISCOMFORT... ONLY IN THE PERPETUAL BRIGHTNESS OF HIS OWN ROOM, COULD HE RELAX...

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT... PLENTY OF LIGHT, EVERYTHING GOIN'! NEVER WUNNA BE IN THE DARK, AGAIN!

OUTSIDE, THE RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC WAS AT ITS PEAK. EARLY WINTER DARKNESS WAS UPON THE CITY... AVERY WAS ABOVE THE NOISE, SECURELY BASKING IN THE ELECTRIC DAYLIGHT OF HIS ROOM... SAFE...

THE LAMP! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE LAMP? WHY'S IT DOIN' THAT?!

THE FLICKERING SPREAD TO EVERY LIGHT IN THE ROOM, THEN GREW WORSE... AND WORSE... AND...

THEY'RE GOIN' OUT! ALL OF 'EM... OUT!

HIS THROAT FELT VERY DRY, HE BECAME INCREASINGLY AWARE OF THE INTENSITY OF HIS OWN HEART BEAT...

FUSES ARE OKAY... MAY BE IT'S THE WIRING... *GAH!!* OLD BUILDING! I'LL GIVE THE SUPER A PIECE OF MY MIND!

HE STUMBLED ACROSS THE ROOM... THINGS FELL, BROKE... WITHIN HIS EARS THERE WAS A GROWING ROAR...

THE PHONE TOO! NO DIAL TONE... NO NOTHIN'! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT?!

AVERY WENT TO THE WINDOW... THE WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE ALLEY BELOW... THE ALLEY THAT RAN DOWN TOWARD THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE... THE PITCHBLACK ALLEY WHERE A FAINT LIQUID SOUND COULD BE HEARD...

BUILDING IN BACK'S DARK TOO! MAYBE THE WHOLE BLOCK'S OFF... GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' TELL THEM FIX IT!

AGAIN HE STAGGERED THROUGH THE ROOM, PULLING OUT DRAWERS, FLINGING ASIDE CONTENTS, DROWNING OUTSIDE NOISES... EVEN FLUID, OZZING NOISES FROM THE HALL...

ONE CANDLE? JUST THIS ONE LOUSY LITTLE CANDLE? THAT'S IT?!

IT'S HERE! BREAKIN' IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR!

KRAACK

HE RETREATED BACK TO A CORNER, PULLING HIMSELF TIGHTLY INTO THE FLICKERING GLOW OF THE SOLITARY CANDLE...

IT CAN'T COME INTO THE LIGHT FOR ME! I'M STILL SAFE! CANDLE'LL SEE ME THROUGH!

TIME INCHED SLOWLY BY JUST AS OUTSIDE THE CANDLES GLOW, SOMETHING INCHED BACK AND FORTH PATIENTLY...

CANDLE'S HOLDIN' OUT PRETTY WELL... FEW MINUTES MORE AND THE POWER FAILURE SHOULD BE FIXED... THESE THINGS NEVER TAKE MUCH OVER AN HOUR OR TWO...

HOT WAX DRIPPED AND HARDENED ON HIS HAND THE CLOSENESS OF THE FLAME BURNED AND BLISTERED...

SHOULDA BEEN FIXED BY NOW!
WATTA THEY DOIN'? WHY DON'T THEY FIX IT...
WHY!! WHY!!
WH---

AND, ULTIMATELY, IT WENT OUT!

EEEEYAAAAHHH!



CAR HORNS SPLIT THE NIGHT OBSCURING THE SOUND FROM ANY SURROUNDING BUILDINGS... THEIR HEADLIGHTS PROVIDED THE ONLY ILLUMINATION FOR SCURRYING PEDESTRIANS ABOARD ON THIS NIGHT TO REMEMBER, THIS NOVEMBER 9TH, 1965, THIS NIGHT OF A NINE STATE POWER FAILURE, THIS NIGHT OF THE **BIG BLACKOUT!!**

TSK, TSK! AVERY SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO MESS WITH MONSTERS... HUMANS JUST CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO THEM! NOW WE'LL THROW SOME LIGHT ON MY NEXT **GORY STORY!**





READY FOR SOME RARE SAVINGS FROM MY SHOCK-SHELF OF FEARFUL FICTION? THIS ONE'S EXTRA SPECIAL FOR ALL YOU PATRONS OF THE PULSATING! YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN A REAL CONNOISSEUR OF OCCULT OFFERINGS AND TRACK DOWN PAGE BY PAGE THE HORROR OF THE .

COLLECTOR'S EDITION!

LET ME MAKE IT CLEAR, MURCH WAS NEVER MY FRIEND... I HATED HIM! HATED HIM AND HIS SEEDY BOOKSHOP WITH ITS MUSTY SMELL OF YELLOWING PAGES AND FADING TYPE, DUSTY UNTOUCHED VOLUMES SLOWLY ROTTING ON COWERED SHELVES... YET, AS IS SO OFTEN TRUE IN LIFE, TO OBTAIN THE THINGS WE WANT IT IS NECESSARY TO DEAL WITH UNPLEASANT PEOPLE... AND THERE WERE THINGS I WANTED VERY BADLY!



EVENING, MR. DANFORTH! NEARLY CLOSING TIME... ANYTHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?



HAVE YOU EVER COLLECTED ANYTHING? TRULY, DEVOTEDLY COLLECTED? THEN YOU KNOW HOW OBSSSSIVE AND DEMANDING IT CAN BE... AND HOW YOU CAN BE AT THE MERCY OF SOMEONE LIKE MURCH...

JUST LOOKING, THOUGHT I'D SEE IF ANYTHING NEW HAD COME IN...

YOU'RE A MAN OF STRANGE TASTES, MR. DANFORTH... THINGS YOU WANT ARE HARD TO COME BY!



...OR MAYBE EVEN THAT ONE EVERY FANCIER OF THE OCCULT DREAMS OF... MAYBE EVEN THE FIRST EDITION OF THE MARGUS LEMODE'S "DARK VISIONS"!



I WANTED TO CRUSH THAT FAT SWINE! SMASH THE DECAYING TEETH IN HIS FOUL-BREATHED MOUTH... INSTEAD, I LISTENED... LISTENED TO HIS WHINING, TEASING VOICE....

DIDN'T SAY I HAD IT, MR. DANFORTH... BUT I'VE A LEAD... A CHANCE...



HE WAS DISGUSTING AND OVERBEARING, BUT SOMEHOW, HE COULD GET THINGS... THE RARE, OBSCURE, EVER FORGOTTEN, WOULD ALWAYS FIND THEIR WAY INTO HIS HANDS... SO, I ENDURED...

YET I'VE FOUND 'EM FOR YOU, HAVEN'T I? SOONER OR LATER, OL' MURCH GETS 'EM... THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF GILLES DE RAIS... THE SPANNY BEANE TRIAL NOTES... THE LANDRU DIARY...



WHERE IS IT, MURCH?! HAVE YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME...? SANTALIZING... TORMENTING...

GENTLY, GENTLY, MR. DANFORTH...



LEMODE'S "DARK VISIONS" ... I'VE HUNTED OBJECTS OF THE BIZARRE IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD AND NEVER HAD MORE THAN VAGUE HINTS... TO THINK THERE'S A HOPE...



"THE MARQUIS HAD CAST A LONG DARK SHADOW OVER THE 18TH CENTURY... BRILLIANT PHILOSOPHER, INSPIRED POET, *UNEXCELLED* ARTIST! HE BECAME THE HUB OF THE FAST-SPINNING WHEEL OF AVANTGARDE SOCIETY..."



"HIS ABILITIES SPANG FROM SINISTER ORIGINS AND HIS ENTIRE LIFE WAS DEVOTED TO A PURSUIT OF THE MOST UNSPEAKABLE EVILS... A KNOWN PARTICIPATER IN RITES OF DEVIL-WORSHIP THERE WERE EVEN RUMORS OF *HUMAN SACRIFICE*..."



"THEN, AT AGE 29, ALL HIS PROFUSE TALENTS AND CORRUPT DRIVES JELLED INTO ONE MASTERPIECE... LEMODE DECIDED HIMSELF FOR ONE LONG TERRIBLE MONTH, REACHING INTO MADNESS AND BEYOND, AND PRODUCED HIS SUPERS BLEND OF PHANTASMAGORIAL DRAWING AND MACABRE POETRY, THE ULTIMATE OCCULT WORK, HIS UNPARALLELED *DARK VISIONS*..."



"LIMITED EDITIONS WERE PRIVATELY PRINTED, CIRCULATED TO THE JADED AND DECADENT, AND INEVITABLY, TO AN OUTRAGED PUBLIC... AN INQUISITION RESULTED AND ALL THE MARQUIS MONSTROUS ACTIVITIES BECAME KNOWN!"



"HIS ROYAL RANK COULD NOT SAVE HIM, ALTHOUGH BURNING AT THE STAKE WAS RULED OUT IN FAVOR OF THE GUILLOTINE. HE WENT TO HIS DEATH UNREPENTANT... ALL COPIES OF THE BOOK WERE CONFISCATED AND DESTROYED..."



WE KNOW DIFFERENT, DON'T WE, MR. DANFORTH? A FEW COPIES HAVE SURVIVED... SMUGGLED THROUGH THE YEARS... AND I THINK I CAN GET ONE! IT WON'T BE CHEAP... NOT CHEAP AT ALL!



NOW YOU KNOW WHY I HATED MURCH... ALWAYS GOADING, PRODDING, HINTING, TANTALIZING... AND I HAD TO RESPOND! DART LIKE AN ANIMAL FOR A CARROT ON A STRING... IT WAS MURCH'S GAME AND IT DELIGHTED HIM!

ANY PRICE, MURCH! I MUST HAVE IT... ANY AMOUNT!

PATIENCE, PATIENCE... WE'VE NO DEAL YET! I'VE GOT TO SEE RAMSEY, THE IMPORTER, TONIGHT... HE'S PROVIDED ME WITH MOST OF THE REALLY GOOD ITEMS IN THE PAST... PERHAPS...



BUT IN HIS PETTY TYRANNY, MURCH WAS A FOOL! SEVERAL TIMES IN HIS DESIRE TO TORMENT, TO MAKE ME WAIT LONGER, PLEAD AND PAY MORE, HE'D MENTIONED RAMSEY... BRAGGED OF HIS SOURCE... A MISTAKE I COULD NOW MAKE HIM REGRET!

CALL ME AS SOON AS YOU'VE HEARD ANYTHING, ANYTHING AT ALL!

IN GOOD TIME, MR. DANFORTH... JUST BE PATIENT!



CASH WAS NEEDED... LOTS OF IT. "DARK VISIONS" WAS NOT AN ITEM FOR CHECKS AND RECORDS! I HAD TO ACT QUICKLY TO BEAT MURCH, BUT READY FUNDS WERE NO PROBLEM... THEY NEVER HAD BEEN SINCE MY MARRIAGE...

COLIN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? BUYING MORE BOOKS, OCCULT JUNK? YOU'RE NEVER HOME... NEVER CALL... NEVER SPEND ANY TIME WITH YOUR OWN WIFE... JUST MY MONEY!

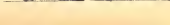
NOT NOW, AUDREY, I'M IN A HURRY...



YOU CAN'T GO ON NEGLECTING ME! I'M A HUMAN BEING WITH PRIDE AND FEELINGS...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT'S ON HAND FOR EMERGENCIES... ANSWER ME!!

I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS TREATMENT ANY LONGER, COLIN! DO YOU HEAR ME? I'M NOT--



RAMSEY WAS A WEALTHY, SUCCESSFUL MAN HE LIVED IN A TOWNHOUSE ON A QUIET RESIDENTIAL BLOCK... BUT EVEN THE QUIET OF THE VERY RICH CAN SOMETIMES BE DISTURBED...

WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT'S GOING ON?

MURDER! SOMEBODY TOOK A SILVER CANDLE-STICK TO THIS GUY RAMSEY'S SKULL... GOT AWAY CLEAN!



WAS IT A **THIEF?**
ANYTHING TAKEN?

DOUBT IT... ONLY ROOM DISTURBED IN THE WHOLE PLACE WAS THE LIBRARY... WHO'D WANNA STEAL A **BOOK?**



THERE WAS NO NEED FOR FURTHER QUESTIONS. I TURNED AND HAILED A CAB THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE LEFT TO GO...

HE'S IN THERE... GLORING... REVELING... WAITING FOR ME!



DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE! GO AWAY, DANFORTH!

YOU FAT PIG! ENOUGH OF YOUR GAMES... I KNOW YOU'VE GOT IT! I KNOW WHAT YOU RIND FOR IT!!



NO! THERE'S NOTHING!... STAY OUT! LEAVE ME ALONE!



THEN I SAW IT! NO ONE HAD EVER DESCRIBED WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE, NOT EVEN A SLIGHT HINT OR DESCRIPTION, YET I WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT ANYWHERE!

LEAVE YOU ALONE, MURCH? BEFORE WE'VE EVEN TALKED ABOUT... THIS?!



MURCH BROKE AWAY FROM ME, MOVING HIS OBESE HULK OF A BODY FASTER THAN HE EVER HAD.

THERE'S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT! IT'S MINE NOW! I DON'T WANT TO SELL IT, PART WITH IT! I'M KEEPING THE BOOK... KEEPING IT!



BLOOD COURSED THROUGH MY VEINS IN HEAVY POUNDING STROKES... WHY WAS HE SUCH A FOOL? WHY COULDN'T HE TELL THE TIME FOR GAMES, PLAYING AND TOYING, WAS OVER?

MURCH... ALL THIS IS YOURS! GIVE ME THE BOOK... RIGHT NOW!

IT'S NOT FOR SALE! I'M KEEPING THE BOOK!



SWINE!! @#%*!!
PIG!!!



HOW I HATED HIM! HOW I HATED HIS QUIVERING CORPULENT BODY BENEATH ME... HATED THE UNSHAKEN FOLDS OF FLESH THAT WERE HIS NECK... HATED THE SPITTLE-FLOCKED JOWLS OF HIS DISGUSTING FACE TURNING NOW WHITE, NOW RED, NOW PURPLE...



... AND THEN, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO HATE.

MINE! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... FINALLY MINE!



THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ADMIRATION OR APPRECIATION... LEMODE'S MASTERWORK NEEDED CAREFUL STUDY, FULL ATTENTION, AS BEFITTED THE PRODUCTS OF GENIUS, NO MATTER HOW WARPED...

THE MONEY, INDEED... IN MY HASTE TO LEAVE, I'D LEFT IT SCATTERED AROUND MURCH'S BLOATED CORPSE CARELESS, BUT UNIMPORTANT... WITH "DARK VISIONS" UNDER MY ARM, WHAT COULD BE IMPORTANT?



I CAN'T STAND ANYMORE OF THIS! COLIN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE MONEY? COLIN! THE MONEY!



A BOOK?! EVERYTHING MY FATHER LEFT ME SQUANDERED ON JUNK! NO MORE! DO YOU HEAR ME, COLIN? NO MORE! NO MORE...

I'M GOING INTO THE STUDY, SEE THAT I'M NOT DISTURBED!

NOW, I AM ALONE AND THE BOOK BEFORE ME... HERE, IN THE STUDY, SURROUNDED BY THE BOOKS AND OBJECTS I HAVE COLLECTED OVER THE YEARS, THE MARQUIS'S FORBIDDEN VOLUME HAS AT LAST THE SETTING IT NEEDS! WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, I TURN THE PAGES...



THE PRINTING... DESIGN... MASTERFUL... PERFECT!

LATER THERE WILL BE TIME TO TRANSLATE THE DELICATELY CALLIGRAPHED TEXT, FOR THE MOMENT I CAN ONLY DRINK IN THE FINELY WROUGHT TERROR OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS...



BEARDSLEY... DORE... BOSCH... THEY ALL HAD THE ABILITY, BUT NONE POSSESSED LEMODE'S VISION... NONE!

HERE IS A MAN WHO LOOKED BEYOND THE GRAVE, BEYOND THE DARKEST UNKNOWN CORNERS OF THE MIND, INTO HELL ITSELF! EACH PAGE IS MORE FEARFUL THAN THE LAST...



WHY?? I DON'T BELIEVE IT... HE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HIS OWN D-DEATH...

NOW THERE IS AN INCREASING MOISTNESS TO MY FINGERS, EACH BREATH COMES QUICKER AND SHORTER... I TURN THE PAGES MORE RAPIDLY...



IMPOSSIBLE... THE CLOTHING AND SETTINGS IN THESE LATER ILLUSTRATIONS... THEY GO BEYOND LEMODE'S CENTURY... THROUGH THE YEARS... HE COULDN'T HAVE...



DOWN IN MY THROAT, A SCREAM IS STRIVING TO BURST OUT, BUT I KNOW IT WILL NEVER COME... MY FASCINATION IS FAR TOO GREAT...

MURCH!

RAMSEY... HOW?!

EVERY NERVE ENDING TINGLES, MY HEART POUNDS LOUD AND FAST, BUT I **MUST** KNOW... **MUST** LEARN... **WHAT'S NEXT**... THE SOUND OF THE PAGE TURNING IS LIKE A BRASH OF LIGHTNING...

ME! A FEW HOURS AGO... B-BUT, THERE ARE SO MANY MORE PAGES LEFT... WHAT CAN...

SHUT THE BOOK! THROW IT AWAY... DON'T LOOK ANYMORE! DON'T TOUCH THE PAGE... DON'T TURN IT... DON'T LOO---

N-NO...
NO!!

THAT NOISE! SOMEONE'S ENTERED THE ROOM BEHIND ME... GOT TO BREAK FREE OF THE BOOK... TURN AND SEE WHO IT IS...



"TSK, TSK! DANFORTH NEVER GOT TO FINISH HIS BOOK... IT FINISHED HIM! NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THE REST OF THE PICTURES WERE LIKE... MAYBE, **RABID READER**, THERE WAS ONE OF YOU!"





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